

The Republican.

No. 7, VOL. 10.] LONDON, Friday, Aug. 19, 1824. [PRICE 6d.

TO HENRY CHARLES STURT, OF CRITCHILL,
LATE HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTY OF
DORSET.

MEAN FELLOW, Dorchester Gaol, August 8, 1824.

MY rod for your back is now well pickled; if I keep it longer, I fear it or you will rot; so now stand fair and fast while I lay it on. You told me at the last Lammas Assize, that your *conscience* would not allow you to make any change in my treatment; so we will now try of what that conscience is made, and what it will bear in the way of flogging. I feel that I grow warm before I begin, so to work the lash better, I will throw off my coat.—Now for it.

You are the son of a man of the name of Sturt. I beg pardon for being so positive: the lash will stick closer, if I am more careful, and say, that a man by the name of Sturt was your nominal or putative father; for every one who has read the *crim. con.* case of STURT *versus* THE MARQUIS OF BLANFORD must doubt, for *conscience sake*, as to who was your real father. It was given in evidence, that your mother, though married to a man by the name of Sturt, bore children from the embraces of different men. I dare say, that your very scrupulous conscience will not allow you to decide as to your real father. At any rate, you inherit the estates of this nominal or putative father, and his debts, if report be true, are yet unpaid: for the law of this country compels the cuckold to father all children that his wife may bear, whether he has any share in getting them or not; and the first of them inherits his freehold estates, whatever debts may have been contracted upon them, without inheriting the debts!

Notwithstanding the grudge I avowedly owe to you, I would not deal with you in this explicit manner, were it not, that a chief purpose of this letter is, *to expose the wickedness of the*

Printed and Published by R. Carlile, 84, Fleet Street.

law of primogeniture. I have been long intending to write expressly upon this subject; but your outrage on me in November last brought to my mind, that I could not have found a better name and case than yours, to illustrate and expose this abominable law. This is the pickle in which I have been pickling a rod for you. I shall first comment upon your conduct, as High Sheriff, towards me in this Gaol, and then upon your character as a *primogenitarian*.

The Phrenologists, with all their cunning, have not among their other discoveries, discovered *the organ of meanness*. That there is such an organ in some human organizations, as prominent and as powerful as any other organ, I am certain, from my own observations. No other organ acts more powerfully in forming the lineaments of the face. It is physically visible; and I will appeal for the proof of the thing to the faces of those men who have used me ill in this Gaol; and for the proof of the contrary to the faces of those who have used me well. The only men from whom I have received any thing like a show of high and honourable feeling are the present High Sheriff, and and Mr. Wood the Chaplain; though the latter, from his servile situation and profession of a priest, has been often compelled to wound his own feelings, and to belie the otherwise generous sentiments of his mind. But I excuse this, and attribute it to his office, and to the meanness of the characters under whom he officiates.

I know not who was Sheriff when I first came to the Gaol, but the first appointment was that of a farmer of the name of Thomas Billett, I believe, in whose face any one might have read written:—"I AM A MEAN FELLOW." I might have begun with Lord Sidmouth who was then Gaoler General, a man, or a lord rather, who exhibited in his contour, as well as in his actions, every characteristic of depraved meanness, adding to moral meanness the climacteric of religious meanness, that basest of all base things. Next came a man by the name of John White as Sheriff, of whom I could never learn what he was, where he lived, or who his father. This fellow was one lump of meanness. It was visible in his face, and felt in his actions, by all who had any connection with him. After him came Sir Evan Nepean. This was a stupid insensible old brute. I talked to him; but could not move either nerve or muscle. He is dead; died in the midst of his Shrievalty. I was sorry for it at the time; but he is no loss to mankind, other than that of deserving a punishment for the example of others. He was succeeded for the

short part of that year by a Dr. Bain, whom I never saw, and of whom, consequently, I can say nothing. Then came your mean self, with a figure and a visage fair in complexion and as an outline; but the indication of meanness is deeply seated there.

Taking the Visiting Magistrates, we find three of them with strikingly mean contours—Old Pitt, the member for the county—Jemmy Frampton, and his half brother, Charles Byam Wollaston. Dr. England has a good face; but then, his whole frame is saturated with the despotic bigotry of his religion; and his combined power as a priest and a clerical justice makes him stand towards me in the light and character of a savage. I am in honesty compelled to leave out the very fine face of Mr. Bower; but I suppose him to run in the line pointed out by the others, as he has not been seen as a Visiting Magistrate above half the time I have been here. I have seen nothing mean about him, beyond that of acting with a set of mean men; and, I believe, the same may be said of Parson Colson, who is a mere child in manners, and has not the resolution to oppose the dictates of the other mean fellows. Men of little minds, not decisively mean or base.

But the Gaoler! What shall I find new to say of the Gaoler? I summed up all that I could say of him when I said, that if I wanted to caricature a Gaoler, I would get his likeness taken; for he is certainly the very caricature of a Gaoler. Crickshanks ought to see him as a means of improvement in his art. He is a prime piece for study to the physiognomist, phrenologist, the poet, the painter, and the novelist. He is mean in look, mean in speech, mean in action, and mean in gait. By your God, (for I have none), Sturt, if Sturt be your right name, he is a meaner looking fellow than you are. There, that is serious, and a proof that I do not write from prejudice. I cannot match any body that I know in the county with the Gaoler, unless it be Jemmy Frampton. Colonel James Frampton of the Dorset Yeomanry Cavalry—a Justice, who seldom ever commits a poacher or stick-picker to Gaol, without lamenting that the law will not allow him to inflict a greater punishment—a man, if he may be so called, detested by all the poor people who know him.

I may class our present Gaoler General, Peel, with Dr. England: a man who has a good contour, but a little mind, and that little so saturated with bigotry, as to blind him to

every rational view, and to make him, in many cases, a savage.

The indications of meanness in the face are, a thin face generally, thin from habit, not from illness, a hollow eye, projecting eye brow, a thin nose, like Gurney's the Barrister. Gurney carries nearly every mark of meanness in a high degree. Low or little forehead is another sign. I confess, however, that, I am of opinion, that much depends upon education, in fostering or counteracting any propensity of the human body.

With *meanness* there is a companion seldom absent called *low cunning*, which makes the individual totally blind to his own character, or to the observations of others upon it. He fancies that he is outwitting them, and depriving them of something to his satisfaction, while, in fact, he is but undermining his own sources of prosperity and happiness.

To finish this phrenological subject, I must find a name for this *organ of meanness* in the slang of the science, and leave the practical men to find the real seat of the organ. The best expression I can hit upon, though not well expressed, is **DEGRADATIVENESS**. I can rather believe that there is an *organ of degradativeness*, than of *acquisitiveness* or *theft*. To discover the seat of this organ, I recommend to the Phrenological Societies, that they examine the heads of the aforementioned Sheriffs and Visiting Magistrates, but more particularly that of the Gaoler, and yours, Mr. Sturt, if Sturt be your name, and if you can all bear a phrenological manipulizing.

I learn, that you have made an excuse, since Mr. Garland has altered my treatment, for not altering it while you were Sheriff, on the ground, that my application to you to that effect was not humble enough. I wrote but one letter to you, and that, because you did not come, as was your duty, to hear what complaints I had to make. You had no disposition to make any alteration: "*your conscience would not allow it*" was your excuse to me in August last. Upon that same principle, your conscience operated when it would not allow you to pay your father's debts—because you were a mean scoundrel. Since I have been in this Gaol, I have seen an old widow, at least sixty years old, who had always led the most reputable life, and who had been reduced in circumstances in consequence of her widowhood, in consequence of leaving her farm and other property to the management of her young relatives, imprisoned at your instance for near twelve months; while you, at the very time, were

revelling upon the property of different tradesmen in your neighbourhood, because the abominable law of primogeniture allowed you to inherit your father's freehold property without inheriting his debts accumulated upon the credit of that property. I presume, that your conscience compelled you to imprison the poor old widow; and to leave her to rot in the Gaol, had not the law provided a remedy to release her. Think of Widow Standforth, if yours be a reflecting conscience!

I come now to speak of the ruffiauly part of your Shrievalty, of the act of putting irons upon me in November last. This was a black act; and originated from a black motive. You were not a principal, but a mere tool in this affair; and played your part like a fool. I have already published the particulars, in No. 22, Vol. VIII., of this publication, and have now but to say a few words by way of comment. That it was an arranged thing between Peel, perhaps all the ministers, your Uncle, Shaftesbury, and poor Old Pitt, to be revenged for the letter of advice I had written to him, I have no doubt. You were the tool to be worked with. Two Priests were sent to deceive me as to the nature of your intended visit, Mr. Colson the Magistrate, and Mr. Wood the Chaplain; though they say for themselves that they were ignorant that any such outrage was intended. I have yet my doubts of that, though it was quite possible, as I know them to be, in character, peacemakers; only, I cannot say precisely how far that disposition may extend beyond the Christian world. It has been every where a religious maxim, to keep no faith, to preserve no laws, to practice no morality, towards heretics; but to injure, to war with, and to exterminate them. It is also a well known axiom, that *a priest is a priest all the world over*, whatever be the tenets which constitute his religion. The priesthood has spoiled many a good man, but never improved one.

Your conduct in ordering irons to be put upon me was that of an ignorant ruffian; for we were conversing in as mild a manner as any two men could converse, and you saw nothing in my conduct that could require any such restraint. You came prepared with irons, before you had seen me; you expected violence from me, because you knew that you deserved it; and what is worst of all, you entered my room with the salute of a treacherous mind: "How d'ye do, Carlile, I hope you are in good health." We sat down to converse, and in the midst of a mild conversation, you ordered irons to be put upon me, when I was as mild as a

child. It would have been time for you to have threatened irons, if I had offered resistance to your removing from my room any thing that you thought proper to remove. I should not have offered that resistance. I was conscious that I had nothing in the room that I feared to exhibit; though, by the bye, it is singular that the only one forbidden thing that I had in the room should have been overlooked. You and the Gaoler would have crowed to have found it; though it was nothing of which I had need to be ashamed, nothing that was brought into the room from any motive or design on my part, or on the part of any other person. The narrow, singularly narrow, escape of the of the thing being seen, was to me a source of amusement, when I saw the saucepans, frying-pan, hand brush, and tea-kettle put under arrest. Yes, valiant Sheriff! you deprived me of all cooking utensils, of all the nails in the room, of a couple of brushes, and of a couple of window curtain rods: and while this was doing, you thought it necessary to keep me in irons to prevent my interference! Why, fellow, it was pure glory to me to see you and the Gaoler such fools, I told the Gaoler so in the midst of it. Hadst thou not been as great a coward as ever stood *in* shoes, or *without* shoes, thou wouldst have scorned to handcuff me while the room was searching, and with not even a word of resistance on my part. A brave man would have felt no fear in doing such a thing; nor an honest man been afraid of it. Amidst all, thou wert fool enough to ask me a sort of civil question upon a subject foreign to what was passing, and to be driven out of the room, because I told thee that I would give thee no answer. Thou wert a cowardly foolish ruffian—a sneaking treacherous ruffian—thus to act, and thus to be made to skulk back, every article taken away. Why, fellow, during the time that I was deprived of a penknife by thee, I had no less than fifteen brought into the room; a dozen of which I sent away, as more than I wanted. Besides this, not a man of you know how I took my beard off, when I thought proper to shave or to be *mustachioed*. All your insolent searchings of my visitors availed nothing. One visitor, though searched, brought me a penknife, but I would not take it of him. I was determined to outwit your searchers by other means.

Leaving this hand-cuffing affair as a matter for future consideration, if ever the opportunity to have it fairly considered arrives, I will make a few observations upon what was said in the House of Commons upon it.

Mr. Hume, seeing various accounts in the Newspapers upon the subject, wrote to request, that I would make him a statement of the particulars. This was done; and a statement, true to the letter, sent to him. In the course of the last Sessions of Parliament, it appears, that this statement, or a copy of this statement, was put into the hands of young Portman, the member for this county, who fancied that he could get it all contradicted. It was sent down, or brought down, to the Visiting Magistrates, and to you, the Sheriff. I was informed, that you and they cavilled with some of the minor points, but left the important ones uncontradicted. At any rate I felt that I ought to have been a party in this matter, to have known what had been contradicted: as I will now repeat, that my statement was true to the letter, and that if a point was contradicted, it was contradicted falsely.

Several months of the Sessions had passed, and I heard of nothing more than a promise, that something was to be done with this statement. At length, towards the end of May, it was suggested to me to draw up a petition setting forth the hardships of my case. As there was a petition already in the House upon that subject, which Mr. Peel was sadly afraid to have printed, I declined to do it, or felt that it was superfluous upon every straight forward ground of proceeding. But to afford an opportunity of commenting upon the statement, I drew up a brief petition, a mere outline of my case. This petition was presented on June 11. I have not a copy of the petition, so little importance did I attach to it; but every report that I have seen of its presentation, is filled with lies and nonsense; therefore, I cannot presume to say here, what was there said upon the subject, as I do not know. To me, it appeared altogether like a smuggled or hushed up concern; and I concieve that to prevent a comment on the truth of the thing, a resort was had to a shuffle and a few lies. In one report Mr. Peel is made to say, that he had seen a written document under my hand, in which I had threatened to kill any keeper who opposed my liberation after a certain day. To this, I answer, that I never wrote any such document, nor said any such thing for another to write it truly. The Gaoler challenged me with saying something of the kind, on the 25th November last, while I was handcuffed; but I gave him the "lie," and silenced him at once on that head, by telling him what I did say, and by fully explaining to him what I meant; which was, that I would force a way to walk in the open air, but not to quit his keeping. I repeat to you, what I before said, both to you and Mr. Peel, that the Visiting Magistrates and Gaoler have paid no res-

pect to truth, in the reports they have made of my conduct. I made them all plead guilty to this charge, in this room, at the visit before the January Sessions 1823; and it was upon that conviction, that I made such a charge against them, in writing to you in March of that year.

Some of the newspapers represent the young Mr. Portman, a mere boy, and a novice in the House of Commons, as putting Mr. Hume to confusion and silence upon the subject, by challenging him to shew an act of cruelty on the part of the Magistrates. As to cruelty in the shape of personal violence, I would not suffer any man to practice it upon me, without an effort on my part to put him to death; but as to cruelty of treatment in the mode of confinement, and in other pranks which these Magistrates have played me in this Gaol, Mr. Hume needed not to have been at a loss to have answered and silenced this young crowing Mr. Portman. If Mr. Portman will come and converse with me, and bring all the Magistrates in the county with him, I will engage to put them all to shame, as far as they are sensitive enough to feel shame for wrong doing. Mine certainly has been a perfect triumph over them; and this Mr. Hume might have clearly shown. But the truth is, that my case was very reluctantly introduced to the House of Commons in this last Sessions, as if another year's confinement had reduced it to a matter of no consequence. Next year, I expect, it will be less than nothing—at least, it will be so, as far as I feel disposed to trouble the House with another petition. They will get nothing more than Anti-Christian Petitions from me in future—something worth printing, as well as presenting there, or if not presented there. Petitions against Christianity are things to tell to some purpose over the country: petitions for parliamentary reform are a waste of paper. We must reform the parliament by unchristianizing it—an odd way certainly; but one, which to me appears likely to be more speedily accomplished than any other. It is an attack upon it, with the most powerful kind of moral power. Nothing has so much tended to stay clerical interference in politics, as the assaults which have been lately made upon Christianity. A Priest, now, is a very different animal, a very humble and meek creature, to what he was a few years ago. Every devil of them, and they are all devils, feels to his back bone what I am doing. I wish I could make you feel my rod, as they feel it, Mr. Sturt: if Sturt be your name; for, at least, I will not be dogmatical upon that subject. Scepticism is

no where more necessary than upon matters of progeny; particularly, where we read such cases as that reported in the trial of Sturt *versus* the Marquis of Blandford. I should like to know how many of the Marquis's bastards from this affair are saddled upon the public maintenance. The Earl of Shaftesbury, we know, works like a mole, and burrows, or *boroughs* rather, as deep and as quiet as a rabbit. I may be mistaken, but I understand, that your mother was the Earl's sister.

I find that I shall spoil the latter part of my subject if I introduce it into this letter, so I will make it the subject of a separate letter after I have seen this in print. I shall then be able to add something to the force of this, if I have overlooked a point for the moment. As far as the pen can do it, I will do you justice now, and will continue to do it, where and when ever I can find a subject to handle, that applies to you. I began this letter, by calling you a *mean fellow*: the assertion was not made from pique; but it is founded on your general character in this county. You were once elected a member for Bridport, in succession to your father; but you played some dirty trick there, and was turned out at the first election, that is, after once trying you. There is an expectation that you will offer yourself for the county, when Old Pitt feels himself incompetent to the duties of office ("God only knows when that will be;" for I fear the old man will never find it out); but I hear of as general a determination to oppose you, as there was to oppose Bankes at the last election. Young Portman may do for this county, for an election or two more; but eventually he will be thrown out, as the county advances in the attainment of knowledge. I notice, that he has purchased a certificate of orthodoxy for twenty guineas from the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;" but this will not serve him. I will give him some useful lessons on Christian Knowledge, if he will spend a few hours with me, whilst I am in the county. I did not know him when he limped into my room last October; but as I wish to improve every young man, I shall have no objection to give to him some lessons gratis, both on politics and theology, and even to you, whatever be your real name, Mr. Sturt, if you will come and be, what the Parsons tell me I am not—"teachable."

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

DEAR SIR,

July 25, 1824.

As you are ever willing to give insertion in your Republican to every species of philosophical observation, and indeed to every thing of an argumentative character with which the important cause of truth is identified, I have no doubt of your compliance with my wishes, by inserting the following observations.

Several of the provincial newspapers have, within these last few days, given us accounts of an extraordinary phenomenon, as it is called, which occurred at Plymouth, and several other places adjacent, during an awful storm of thunder and lightning, on Tuesday evening the 13th, and Wednesday morning the 14th instant. A sudden influx and reflux of the tides is said to have occurred several times during the night, at which every one appeared to have been almost petrified with astonishment. The water is said to have risen to the height of between two and three feet in the shortspace of about five minutes, and to have fallen more than that distance in the same interval of time. Boats and ships, which at one time were hard aground, were on a sudden quite afloat; and, in the same space of time, became fast aground. Several other equally astonishing effects were observed; particularly on the Wednesday morning, during which time, the storm of thunder, lightning, and rain prevailed to a degree horrifying in the extreme.

This sudden rise, and retrogression of the tides, is, I find by the different accounts, ascribed to some earthquake, or convulsion in nature, which it is thought will soon be heard of from some distant quarter of the globe. Effects like these are said to have happened at the destruction of Lisbon; but instances of several other similar occurrences are quoted in support of the supposition.

I am always more or less alarmed during a thunder storm, nor do I find it possible, though using every degree of energy to prevent it; and although I am aware that the change about to be effected, brings with it the vivifying elixir of animal life, to completely divest myself of those sensations. But our fears become greatly augmented, when the true cause of such wonderful phenomena does not come within the sphere of our comprehension. For instance, many ignorant, though good meaning, people, are likely to view the case above cited, as an awful visitation of God, or a *prelude* to the destruction of the world, which it is said shall consist of "earthquakes, pestilence, famine, battle, and murder, and sudden death." Fears like these, however, are groundless, and I have no doubt of being able to shew, that the supposition

of an earthquake's being connected with this singular occurrence, is equally without foundation.

If this had been the effect of an earthquake in any part of the world, south of this Island, the water would necessarily have been agitated all the way from the place of eruption to the entrance of the British Channel, regularly diminishing in proportion to the distance. Having once entered our Channel, the effect would have been felt, not only at one place, but at every place on both sides of the water. From a sudden influx of water at the entrance, would have succeeded a corresponding influx at every port, harbour, and shore, from the Land's End to, at least, a considerable distance up the Channel. This I believe was the case at the destruction of Lisbon. If a convulsion had occurred to the Northward, the effects would have proceeded from the North Sea down the Channel, visiting every place, more or less, in their progress, and vanished in the western ocean. The effects however have not been felt at every place, as in similar cases, nor were the convulsions, experienced in England and France at the destruction of Lisbon, attended with a thunder storm, but (I believe) under a serene sky. This rare occurrence may therefore with propriety, be ascribed to some more reasonable cause.

It is, I believe, pretty well understood, that the atmospheric air, in England, during cool clear weather, presses with a weight of about fifteen pounds on every superficial inch; and if the state of the atmosphere were in every part of the world alike, the weight in all places would be nearly the same. But near the equator the weight is considerably less, partly owing to the rapid motion of the earth round its axis, at that place, and partly on account of the excessive heat under a meridian sun: this last, however I take to be the principal cause. This difference amounts to about a ton on a yard and a quarter square. If the air does not press at the rate of fifteen pounds on every inch at the equator on account of its rarefaction, it follows therefore, that if the heat here, at any one time, equals that at the equator, the pressure is diminished in like proportion. Now we are well aware, that at the commencement of a thunder storm the air is so extremely hot, and so much rarefied, as to be hardly supportable; consequently we ought to conclude that this fifteen pounds weight is considerably diminished. Every man has an opportunity of observing, that as soon as the storm commences the air increases in weight; he feels his nerves suddenly braced, and the atmosphere becomes exhilarating and supportable by an increase in quantity. This is so sudden sometimes, that it occurs almost instantaneously. If therefore, by the ignition of the electric fluid, the clouds should be burst asunder at one place, and the cold, heavy, condensed air strike down upon surface of the water, the pressure would become instantly increased, and the water would immediately rush from that part to another, where the air had not in-

creased in weight, producing a sudden rise, exactly like the one spoken of above. Every flash of lightning increases the quantity of air: at one time it strikes on one place, and at another time on another, producing different degrees of gravity at different places, and so on till the storm is entirely abated, and the usual gravity every where restored.

Whoever has observed the rapidity with which the electric fluid strikes down to the earth, and considers that it carries with it a great quantity of condensed air at the same time, need not be surprised at effects like these. If the whole weight of the atmospheric air were drawn from one particular spot, the water would rise to the height of thirty-four feet; and if suddenly exposed to the external air, would immediately sink to a common level again. This is exemplified by the use of a common pump.

The rarefied air inside a steam boiler, forces up the piston to the top of the cylinder, and with it the necessary weight to move the whole machine; but by the constant and sudden introduction of a small quantity of cold water in the cylinder, the air becomes so instantaneously condensed, that the natural gravity of the external air on the top of the piston, forces it down with the same velocity, which the rarefied air, inside the cylinder, forced it up; keeping in constant motion an extensive and complicated machine. Here then is a striking instance of the effects of hot, rarefied,—and cold, condensed, air.

As a proof of the difference of gravity in the atmospheric air at no very remote distance, it is only necessary to observe, that the storm commenced at Plymouth on Tuesday night, and consequently the air was restored to its natural weight there, at that time; while in London, we were suffering a great inconvenience for the want of it, for twenty four hours after. Besides, rare as these occurrences are, they occur too frequently to be at all times attributed to an earthquake. Time however is the best interpreter.

Having endeavoured to remove the fears attendant on such phenomena, in a manner different to the hitherto received opinions,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

CANDID.

THE PRIZE PARODY.

TRUE LOYALTY,

Being a true and particular account of the mighty deeds and great achievements of BILLY GALPIN, the DORCHESTER BREWER OF BAD ALE.

WHAT man is there who hath not seen,
Or hath not heard the tale,
About John Gilpin and his ride,
And what to him befell.

And who of merry vein could read
This merry story through,
And keep themselves from laughing out,
John Gilpin's pranks to view.

But little did the poet think,
When writing Johnny's tale,
A Billy Galpin would spring up
More famous and more real.

I would a Cowper now were here,
To sound great Billy's fame,
To speak his deeds, and, more than this,
Immortalize his name.

But since 'tis fall'n to humbler hands,
An humble muse will try
To make great Billy Galpin now
With Johnny Gilpin vie.

In Dorchester this hero dwells,
A hero stout and bold;
Throughout the town no man so brave,
As I have oft been told.

In height, he measures near six feet,
Far more the body round;
With legs, and arms, and head to match
In size are amply found.

This Billy Galpin keeps an Inn,
And brews his own bad ale;
Besides, he buys the butter up,
To send to town for sale.

He grows his barley, makes his malt,
And makes his barrels too;
A string of trades so join'd in one,
As you do seldom view.

But whether from the butter trade,
The farming, or the ale,
Or where or when he got his dubs,
It matters not to tell.

Suffice to know, that Billy is
A man of wond'rous pelf,
On which he does, as I've been told,
No little pride himself.

With such a height, and such a size,
Such dubs in pocket too,
No wonder that this hero thought
His match to find in few.

A citizen, for loyalty
Long famed, hath Billy been,
And nobly he deserved his fame,
As will be quickly seen.

No Jacobins, no Infidels,
Says Billy, here shall come;
My good strong beer is not for such,
Of the worst race the scum.

Keep off, keep off, the hero cries,
Nor dare to enter here,
D'ye think that I will harbour such
Base villians as ye are?

CARLILE, and all th' infernal crew,
Who do his ways commend,
And all who think not as I do,
May they be hung and damn'd.

How strange, says Billy, that such elfs,
To write or speak should dare,
Against our noble king, and us,
Who do his precepts fear.

More strange, that they should dare to
doubt,
And doubting give the lie,
To what our learned parsons say,
About the God on high.

And far more strange to think that they
The Devil should deny,
Since he's the best—the only friend,
On whom they could rely.

From such base villians keep me free,
Said Billy in his zeal,
Nor let such rascals enter here
To taste of my strong ale.

Now, reader, you may well suppose
Such loyalty deserved,
In records to be noted down,
And long to be preserv'd.

And so it was, but (luckless case!)
As you will quickly hear,
Instead of praising Billy's deeds,
They did abuse his beer.

Nor praise, nor thanks, poor Billy found,
Nor Mister grac'd the tale;
But BILLY GALPIN, in plain words,
A BREWER OF BAD ALE.

But when poor Billy heard the tale,
He hardly would believe,
Such loyalty could be mistook,
Which made him sorely grieve.

For who, says he, would loyal be,
And strive with might and main,
If thus their zeal perverted is,
And made to give them pain.

But now to know how much was true,
How blasted his renown,
Great Billy did resolve to take
A journey up to town.

When off he set, a lumb'ring noise
The Coach made on the road;
To listening landlords, waiters, all,
Bespake a heavy load,

Run John, run Harry, was the cry,
The extra horses bring!—
But how dismay'd were one all,
To see this monstrous thing.

Their coach so loaded, dinner gone,
And yet their pay so small,
Such customers if they had oft
Would surely ruin all!

The horses sweated, dishes glared,
And body made more plump,
At last in London safe arriv'd
This great unwieldy lump.

For Fleet Street then, he bent his course,
As fast as he could hie;
But how he stared when 'gainst the wall
He chanced to espy,

In letters large, and colours bright,
And posted too for sale,
The tricks of Galpin (so abrupt!)
THE BREWER OF BAD ALE!

The shock was great. The hero shook,
His ev'ry joint unnerv'd;
For ev'ry way he turn'd his head
The letter'd Ghost appear'd.

And ev'ry prying eye he met,
His terror did renew;
For sure, said he, these people know,
'Tis Billy's self they view.

With shuffling step, at last he gain'd
The house, where could be seen,
This "King of Terrors" to the bad,
Whose lash he felt so keen.

He halted first; but then resolv'd,
Tho' evils on him grew,
In spite of what was still behind,
To face the matter through.

But ah! frail man, how vain thy boast!
How vain thy efforts too!
To calmly bear such scenes as this,
'Twas more than you could do.

To laugh it off he first essay'd,
And acted pretty well;
But ah! poor Billy, all in vain,
Such evils you befall!

In vain, his utmost art he tried,
A speaking face to bribe;
His countenance betray'd a state
I scarcely can describe.

No doubt, good folks, you've often felt,
Soon after sudden fright,
Or when a sickness, or the cramp,
Hath forced you at night,

From bed so warm, to meet without,
The cold and chilling air,
A sudden trembling, and cold sweat,
To fainting very near.

Such as have ever known this state,
Can judge of Billy's pain,
And those who do not know must guess,
For more I can't explain.

This falling off from courage true
The hero did dismay ;
And to his own dear home again
He quickly bent his way.

But how he went, or how he fared,
It matters not to tell,
Suffice to know, that he arrived,
At home quite safe and well.

But now, good people, mark the scene,
Which stamp'd the hero's fame,
His dauntless courage spake, and more,
Immortaliz'd his name.

For tho', at first, remembrance sad
Would oft be giving pain,
Like dunghill cock upon his own,
He loudly crowed again.

For if, says he, great words do fail,
To lay these rascals low,
There is a method that will do,
As I full well do know.

In vain, says Billy, all their art,
In vain, their strength or size,
In vain, they would their giants bring,
I do them all despise.

The Jacobin, said he, shall find
When we do meet again,
A modern Sampson, strong as he,
Who hath his thousands slain.

With resolutions such as these,
A youth he chanc'd to spy,
Who, with his horse, was passing round
Great Billy's house, hard by.

Stop! stop! cries Billy, you're the man,
I long have wish'd to meet,
You villain you! you infidel!
I'll soon thy napper greet.

Come on, come on, great Billy cries,
As off his coat he tore,
Come on, come on, thou base both wretch,
I'll soon thy body floor.

With attitude quite à la Crib,
He now the nearer drew ;
But all that he could do or say,
Would not the youth bring to.

For well, said he, if I should trip,
And tripping fall along,
And Billy, he should hap to trip,
And tripping fall upon,

His weight would crush my body down,
So hard upon these stones,
'Twould either me deprive of life,
Or else 'twould break my bones.

Thus disappointed, Billy's rage,
No bounds could keep confined ;
Which, to describe, 'twould need a pen
And Cruickshank's touch combin'd.

His ev'ry feature spoke his state,
His eyeballs wildly roamed,
His teeth did grind, and at his mouth,
He like a mad dog foamed.

Altho', thus tortur'd by his rage,
(See how true courage can
Its wrongs sustain, which doth bespeak
The hero and the man!)

Take that, says he, (as on he laid
Across the horse's back,)
Did not the laws protect him more,
Thy master should not lack *.

This greeting from the hurdle stake,
Poor dobbin did not like,
So off he went, and left behind
Poor Billy in sad plight.

For when his rage began to cool,
He found the bird was flown,
Without a feather pluck'd, altho'
Such mettle had been shown.

This did the hero sorely vex ;
And sorely vex it might,
For well he knew, that he should be
Set off in "black and white."

My Billy Galpin, now farewell,
Still may you loyal be,
And when you strip to fight again
May I be there to see.

R. H.

* Billy had forgotten Mr. Martin's
Act.

EDITOR.

TO RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

FELLOW CITIZEN,

Saturday, July 24.

HAVING stated in my former letters how the pretended Fall of Man may be explained by a reference to the physical effects of Winter, I shall now proceed to the consideration of the method in which these Evils are repaired. Let us turn therefore to the Saviour of the world, even to the Solar Deity Christ, who is said to be the Light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. At the birth of this Sun of Righteousness the dayspring from on high visiteth us; and, in consequence of the death of this kind and merciful Being, we are rescued from the fatal dominion of the Evil Principle.

As the influence of the great Luminary appeareth gradually to increase and decrease with the length of the days, it was supposed, when personified by its worshippers, to be in its youth during spring, to enjoy the strength of manhood during summer, to fall into old age during autumn, and to be born again when the days began to lengthen. Hence the infant Sun made his appearance in the world at the first instant of the first day, that is, at midnight, from which time many nations, like ourselves, count the beginning of their day. The Priests no doubt consulted the horoscope of the new-born Deity, or in other words observed what sign of the Zodiac rose above the horizon at the moment of his birth. I believe, Richard Carlile, that in common horoscopes the planets were more consulted than the fixed stars; but as there is probably no reason why the Sun should rather be born in one year than another, the planets, whose position is of course perpetually varying, could not enter into a general formula for the horoscope of a Being, whose nativity is annual. It was enough therefore to look at the stars which were there rising in the East; and from BC 2428 till BC 268, these stars were, I imagine, the middle and the end of the large constellation Virgo. It is no wonder therefore that any prophet should have announced to the people "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son." We may indeed reasonably ask: What Virgin, except the one represented on the spheres, could bring forth a son and yet retain her virginity? At any rate we need not be surprised, if any Astrologer should have traced upon the celestial globe the image of the infant Deity in the arms of the constellation that produced him; and if the images of the celestial Virgin, which have since been proposed to the adoration of the people, should represent her as suckling the mystical child, who was to overcome Evil, to regenerate Nature, and to reign over the Universe.

But I may here mention, Richard Carlile, that it is impossible

to form a proper idea of ancient Christianity, till we have been in the temples of the Roman Catholics. There we shall see the Virgin, seated in the clouds, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and treading upon the Serpent, the emblem of the Evil Principle. The "Cranmerians," and such other miserable sectaries, have removed a variety of the symbols, rites, &c. of former idolatry, and have imposed upon us a mongrel superstition, blasphemously compounded of Reason and Christianity. We no longer celebrate the birth of Christ at midnight; we neglect the fête of the Assumption; we have no fire of St. John; no illumination at Candlemas; no tomb of Christ; no representation of a Lamb reposing on the book of seven seals; in short nothing, but what a set of Demi-Reformers have thought proper, in their sublime ignorance, to consider worthy of the primitive ages of the church. I know that in the opinion of most persons the Symbols and Ceremonies of the Romanists are considered as very modern inventions; but in that case I should like to know, by what accident it hath happened, that these symbols, &c. have so Pagan, or rather so astrological and Apocalyptical a character. For my own part I profess a most entire ignorance of the origin of Christianity; though I might conjecture, that after an oriental origin many centuries previous to the vulgar æra, this branch of solar worship, taking advantage of the general expectation of an universal monarch, assumed an historical form during the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. This opinion, as it is very much that of the great Volney, may possibly be true; but as Dupuis doth not deign, or perhaps doth not dare, to offer us any hypothesis, I have no business to enter upon the subject.

But to return from this digression. Macrobius, after relating the different ages of the Solar Deity Bacchus, telleth us, that this God appeareth at the winter Solstice as an infant, such as the Egyptians on a certain day bring out of the sanctuary. It was at the winter Solstice, that, according to Plutarchus, Isis brought forth a son a weak and feeble infant. Hence the Goddess Isis, who is probably the same as the chaste Minerva, said, in the inscription of her temple at Saïs: "The fruit whom I have produced became a Sun," or "was the Sun," for it may be doubted which is the best translation. Proclus mentioneth, among the places appropriated to the virgin Minerva in the heavens, one at the Ram, and another at Virgo; Eratosthenes saith, that among a variety of opinions, some persons imagined the celestial Virgin to be Isis; and according to Hours Apollo the symbolical image of the year itself was a woman called Isis. It was in honour of this great Goddess of the Egyptians, that there was celebrated at the famous festival of Light, which the Christians have imitated in their Candlemas, or Purification.

From the Egyptians let us come next to the Romans. On the 25th of December the inhabitants of the great city honoured the

birth of the God of Light by the Solar festivals and the games of the Circus. It is on that day, that, according to Servius, the Sun is properly speaking new; and that, according to the elder Plinius, the festivals, called Brumalia, are celebrated.

Now I am well aware, Richard Carlile, that the day of the birth of Christ is considered very uncertain; and that while some persons celebrated it as we do, and some at the same time as the Epiphany, others placed it whole months sooner or later. But Cotelierius, Baronius, and Tillemont, decide in favour of the 25th of December; and the church of Rome from a very early period hath fixed the birth of Christ on that day. The subject however seemeth involved in great difficulties. We need not be surprised indeed, that many of the Oriental Christians, and particularly those of Egypt, being loath to celebrate the birth of Christ on the birth day of the Sun; and with reference to a personification of the great Luminary, it is no wonder if his birth were confounded, with his Epiphany or his appearance, and with his Baptism, which may be considered as his passing through the aqueous realms of darkness into the celestial Empire of Light. This however is a mere conjecture of my own; and I only offer it as an explanation of a difficulty, which Dupuis, satisfied perhaps with finding the time of the festival now firmly established, hath passed over with very slight notice.

Assuming therefore that the 25th of December is the real birthday of Christ, we may remark, that according to certain persons in the time of Pope Leo the first, what rendered this festival venerable, was not so much the birth of Jesus Christ, as the return, and, as they expressed it, the *new birth* of the Sun. In the Roman Calender published during the reign of Constantinus we read opposite this day N. INVICTI, which is explained, the "Birth-day of the Invincible." The Emperor Julianus saith: "Some days before the beginning of the year, we celebrate magnificent games in honour of the Sun, to whom we give the title of "Invincible." Why can I not have the pleasure of celebrating them often, O Sun! King of the Universe! thou whom from all Eternity the first of the Gods engendered out of his pure substance?"

The Jesuit Petavius, in his notes upon this hymn, layeth a great stress upon the exact correspondence between the birth-day of Christ and the ancient festivals of the birth of the Great Luminary. He observeth moreover, that the Romans called their Jupiter "Invincible;" and we find on some ancient coins the representation of a little boy riding on a Goat (probably Capricornus, in which sign the Sun begineth his career from the Solstice) with this inscription IOVI CRESCENTI.

The epithet "Invincible" is also peculiarly applied to the solar Deity Mithra. Indeed Christianity, like Judaism, seemeth to be a branch of the Religion of Zoroaster.

Tertullianus, in two different treatises, after mentioning that some

persons imagined the God of the Christians was an ass's head, and that others imagined they worshipped the Cross, sayeth: "Others again, with more pretensions to probability, believe that the Sun is our God." The learned father then alludeth to the Christian practise of praying towards the East, and of keeping *Sunday* as a festival. In a third treatise he alludeth to the points of similarity between the Religion of Christ and that of Mithra. The Priests of the Persian God had a species of sacraments. Their baptism procured a remission of sins to the believers and the faithful; who besides received marks upon their foreheads as the soldiers of their Deity. There was also an oblation of bread, and an image of a resurrection. The Soldier of Mithra refused the crown which was offered him, saying, that Mithra was his crown. The High Priest could only marry once, and many persons of both sexes devoted themselves to continence.

St. Justinus (another great Apologist of Christianity) alludeth to the mystical consecrations of the two Religions, and to the similarity of the birth of Christ to that of his Persian rival. We are therefore authorized by two of the most respectable fathers of the Church to perceive some little similarity between the Religion of the Lord Jesus, and that of Mithra, whose name is considered by many to denote "Master" or "Lord," a title which all nations, in their different languages, have conferred on their Deity.

Our author here abridgeth what he hath said in a former treatise concerning the mystical care of Zoroaster, to whom the books are attributed which treat upon the Mithriac Religion. This cave was typical of the world, whose soul is the Sun. The roof was vaulted like the heavens, and exhibited, not only the motion of the firmament, but also the contrary one of the planets. Here were seen the symbolical gates, through which the souls descended from the Empyræum, into the terrestrial matter, which they animated on coming to inhabit our bodies. The twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the climates, the division of the sublunary matter into four elements, all the distributions of the visible world, and even of the intellectual (of which this world was considered an image) were they emblematically represented, according to the descriptions of Origenes, Porphyrius, and Celsus.

But this letter is already rather too long. I will write to thee again in a few days. In the mean time,

Believe me, Fellow Citizen,

THY FRIEND.

P. S. I beg leave to observe, that in my last letter there were a variety of false prints, such as "Comical" for "Cosmical," and "he-" for "he-goat," &c.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A DOCTOR OF
MEDICINE AND A UNITARIAN PREACHER,
BOTH OF DUNDEE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF
A LOAN, FROM THE FORMER TO THE LAT-
TER, OF A COPY OF NUMBER 1, VOL. IX.
OF "THE REPUBLICAN."

PRIEST TO THE DOCTOR.

SIR,

January 24, 1824.

I HAVE perused the tract which you, yesterday night, put into my hand, with all the candour which I could muster—but with all that candour, I am obliged to confess that I have been disappointed. Instead of poignancy I have found only insipidity, and instead of sound logic only rash assertion, or contemptible sophistry. You may think me too severe, but it is the severity of impartiality and not of bigotry. I consider that those, who by their persecution of Carlile have given his writings an importance which they do not deserve—have enlisted the sympathy, and through the sympathy the intellect, of many on his side, who would otherwise have despised his writings. I consider those who are his persecutors more meritorious of indignation than he is.

I will not deny that Carlile is sincerely disgusted at priests, he may have become disgusted at Christianity; and the prejudice against Christianity once excited, he would hardly take that leisure for studying the evidences of Christianity apart from men and from sects, which might have justified her to his judgment. If I allow him to be sincere, I cannot allow him the merit of surveying matters on all their sides and in all their bearings. He seems to be a man capable of jumping to a conclusion very nimbly, and without much hesitation. I would define him to be a credulous sceptic (a strange composite no doubt); but he seems to have as much faith when employed in rooting up all faith, as the most fanatical Methodist could wish to have. I assure you, I would feel the necessity of a vast deal of faith, before I could part with the faith that no such being as Jesus ever really existed.

The first question, says Carlile, which arises is "how did he support himself and his followers?" What has this to do with his existence? Even though this question could not be answered, even though ignorant how he existed, that would not be sufficient to induce us to deny that he did exist. But, if he had read, unbiassedly the history of Jesus, he would find an answer even to that question.

What Carlile says about the disciples plucking the ears of corn

indicates an ignorance of the laws of the Jews—and what he says of the barrenness of Judea, an ignorance of its geography¹.

He cavils with the Evangelists for not writing minutely on the infancy of Jesus. Now this I consider an argument in their behalf, rather than an argument against them. It shows that they were impressed with more important aims than that of amusing their readers. It proves that their aim was to edify and not to amuse. What a difference in this respect between their histories and the spurious gospel to which Carlile refers! Any dispassionate enquirer would by a comparison of the two pronounce that the former had a stamp of truth upon them that gives them a high degree of credibility above the latter.

Who would not pity the man that can write such an analysis of the morality of the gospel, as that of Carlile²? Let the gospel speak for itself—I will ensure the credit of the gospel morality against the scrutiny of the most perspicuous critic. Buonaparte was no enthusiast, and had a sharper eye than Carlile has; and yet as he read what is called Christ's Sermon on the mount, he could not help exclaiming—what fine morality! This fact we learn from Las Casas' Journal.

Carlile supposes that Christianity had its rise first in Antioch—Where is his proof of this? Suppose now, that it had its origin in Jerusalem. What was there to make the people of Antioch, or the people of any other country believe that there was one Jesus crucified in Jerusalem—that in Jerusalem he rose from the dead—that in Jerusalem he founded a church—to believe all this, I say, in spite of early prejudice, in spite of the contempt of the world, in spite of every sacrifice—not excepting that of life itself? Would not this have been highly miraculous?

Besides, is it likely, that a forger would have fabricated a story so unwelcome to the feelings and the prejudices of mankind, as that he, whom they were to receive as the founder of their religion, lived a life of poverty, and died the death of a slave—a death more ignominious in those days than that of being hung up by the neck by the hangman as in ours³. Carlile contends, that

¹ I challenge this priest, who complains of want of logic and too much assertion in me, to produce the authority of any one traveller for his assertion.

R. C.

² My analysis is compiled not composed. It is the Gospel itself dissected.

R. C.

³ There was no novelty in this doctrine, which the following article taken from Mr. Taylor's CLERICAL REVIEW will shew.

R. C.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CABALISTICAL CHRISTIANITY AND THE ANCIENT PAGAN STORY OF PROMETHEUS.

Is the celebrated apology of Marcus Minutius Felix, the faithful advocate

there were no Christians in Jerusalem when entered by the Roman army. Well ! but if this were the case there was a good reason

of pure and genuine Christianity, as opposed to the system of romance and mystery, which, even before his age, (about A. D. 211) had supplanted the true religion, are these words :—" O ye Pagans, very far are ye out of the way of truth, to imagine either that a criminal could deserve to be taken for a deity, or that a mere man could possibly be a God." Reeves' Christian Apologists, page 134.

He tells them, moreover, that the story of the cross had its foundation in their own, (the Pagan religion,) and therefore ought not to be objected against Christians. Page 129. The learned translator, however, in a note, p. 99, remarks, that it was a Catholic opinion among the philosophers, that pious frauds were good things, and that the people ought to be imposed on in matters of religion ; and this was certainly the principle avowed and acted on by the apostolic chief of sinners ; " for if the truth of God, said he, hath more abounded through my lie, unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner ? Romans chap. iii. ver. 7, that is, *lying to the glory of God !* What harm in it ? Surely the morality of this Cilician was as mysterious as his divinity !

It is well known that the monks in the fifth and sixth centuries exerted themselves to propagate what they mistook for Christian knowledge, by means of theatrical representations. An order, called *the brothers of the holy passion*, was instituted ; the story was reduced to the form of a drama, and regularly acted throughout Europe. This could not fail of edifying the vulgar, while the intelligent would not fail to recognize in it a new edition of the celebrated tragedy of Æschylus, which had been acted with unbounded applause in the theatre of Athens, five hundred years before the Christian æra. The monks could not claim the merit of invention ; every circumstance, and many sentiments and expressions, which it would be necessary to introduce in such a new-fangled drama, and which they pretended to draw from the Gospels, may be found in the Athenian original. Prometheus, whose very name is identical in signification with that of the Logos, or word of God, and who was himself a God, was brought on the stage between two personages, force and strength, who answer to the evangelical thieves, and by them, not *between them*, at the appointment of Jupiter, the supreme God, he was crucified on Mount Caucasus, not mount Calvary.—The cause for which he suffered, was his great love for the human race—to rescue them from eternal death, he ventured to expose himself to the wrath of the almighty Father, and as their advocate and intercessor, and standing in their stead, he was condemned to suffer himself, as far as his divine nature was capable of suffering. In the midst of his agony, an angel was sent from heaven, to reason with him, but in vain—the chorus, or band of virgin sisters (the woman accompanied him to the place of execution) and wept at the sight of his sufferings. Prometheus addresses much of his discourse to these affectionate sympathizers in his distress ; and being duly warned they stand afar off, to behold what should happen to him, at a time when his disciples and former friends had forsaken him. At length, his pains provoking him to utter the most audacious blasphemy against Jove, a great convulsion of the whole frame of nature took place, and in a dreadful storm and preternatural darkness, he was sent to hell.

But there is still another feature of coincidence, that cannot but astonish the Christian scholar ; it is, that his relation and especial friend Oceanus, who had another name, PETREUS, and who, as presiding over the sea, might be called a fisherman, had professed peculiar friendship for him.

for it. They knew the prophecy of their Lord, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, and had of course the wisdom to depart

For never shalt thou say, thou hast a friend, "More firm, more constant than Oceanus" Potter's translation. Though all men should be offended because of thee yet will I never be offended—26 Mat. 33—He had earnestly exhorted this incarnate God, not to expose himself to such bitter sufferings. "Thou shalt not, if my voice be heard, lift up thy heel to kick against the pricks."—Potter's Translation.—Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him saying, "Be it far from thee Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Yet this PETREUS, who had followed him to Mount Caucasus, upon witnessing the sufferings of his divine master, basely provided for his own safety, by flight. The other circumstances, or rather synonymous expressions, I shall give in the words of Potter's Translation, which is as literal as could well be conceived, and which I have carefully compared and collated with the original Greek.

Prometheus in his agony thus bemoans himself:

"When shall these sufferings find their destined end.
But why this vain inquiry? my clear sight
Looks through the future; unforeseen no ill
Shall come on me—behoves me then to bear,
Patient my destined fate; knowing how vain
To struggle with necessity's strong power."

Jesus therefore knowing all things that should come upon him, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith—Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say, Father, save me from this hour—but for this cause I came unto this hour. Thus it is written, and thus it behoves Christ to suffer. Saint John's Gospel, *passim*.

All that approaches now is dreadful to me.—*Prom.*

My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.—*Christ.*

Prometheus gives this account of the cause of his sufferings:—

—————On his Father's throne,
Scarce was he seated, on the chiefs of heaven
He shower'd his various honours; thus confirming
His royalty; but for unhappy mortals
Had no regard; and all the present race
Will'd to extirpate, and to form anew.
None, save myself, opposed his will; I dared
And boldly pleading, saved them from destruction;
Saved them from sinking to the realms of night.
For this offence I bow beneath these pains,
Dreadful to suffer, piteous to behold;
For mercy to mankind I am not deemed
Worthy of mercy; but with ruthless hate
In this uncouth appointment am fixed here,
A spectacle dishonourable to Jove.—"Of these things
I was not unadvised; and my offence
Was voluntary; in man's cause I drew
Those evils on my head.
Behold this sight, behold this friend of Jove,
Th' assertor of his empire, bending here
Beneath a weight of woes by him inflicted.
The ills of man you've heard. I form'd his mind,
And through the clouds of barb'rous ignorance

before the event took place⁴. What evidence has Carlile advanced that the Gospels were not written in the first century⁵. I can

Diffused the beams of knowledge. I will speak
Not taxing them with blame, but my own gifts
Displaying, and benevolence to men.
They saw indeed, they heard; but what availed
Or sight, or sense of hearing, all things rolling
Like the unreal imagery of dreams,
In wild confusion mix'd—and in a word,
Prometheus taught each useful art to man."

The last words of the expiring God are finely descriptive of the convulsion of nature, as exhibited by Saint Matthew on a similar occasion, chap. xxvii. ver. 51. "And the earth did quake and the rocks rent," &c.

"I feel, in very deed,
The firm earth rock; the thunder's deepening roar
Rolls with redoubled rage; the bick'ring flames
Flash thick; the eddyng sands are whirl'd on high,
Confounding sea and sky; th' impetuous storm
Rolls all its terrible fury on my head.
Seest thou this awful Themis, and thou Æther
Through whose pure azure floats the general stream
Of liquid light, see you what wrongs I suffer?

End of the Tragedy.

REMARKS ON THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus is justly considered the father of the drama, and this piece of Prometheus has undoubted claims to be considered as the oldest tragedy, in being, in any language.

Tragedy was first instituted to the honour of Bacchus, and his priests presided for a long while over the whole affair. When they observed it gradually perverted from the original intention, by the introduction of other matters, they unanimously exclaimed, that all this was nothing to Bacchus οὐδὲν πρὸς Διονύσου. The complaint grew into a kind of proverbial saying, and as such is handed down to us.

Bacchus, we shall hereafter shew, signifies the same as *Jesus*, even in the etymology of the name; and both were distinguished by the miracles of turning water into wine; and the attribute of perpetual boyhood. For 'tis remarkable that the apostles, after Christ's ascension, in a most solemn and public prayer, twice designate their late master by his childish character, Acts chap. iv. ver 27: "For of a truth against thy holy child *Jesus* whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and people of Israel were gathered together, ver. 30. That signs and wonders may be done, by the name of thy holy child *Jesus*." Of the working signs and wonders, and of the obtaining salvation by a name, we shall take occasion to speak under the head *SHEM HEMEPHORESH*. In the mean while, should the close coincidence of the fable of Prometheus and the system of cabalism, and the resemblance of many expressions in the *old* tragedy to passages of the New Testament, at the first blush, seem a stumbling block to the faith of modern Chris-

⁴ There is not a pretence of prophecy that fixes any precise time.

R. C.

⁵ That no one in that century knew any thing about them.

R. C.

conceive of no argument against that fact which would not have much more weight against the date of any ancient cotemporary

tians, we are competent to prove, from undoubted documents of ecclesiastical antiquity, that the coincidence of the mistaken gospel, with the stories of the pagan mythology, was, under providence, a great means of the conversion of the pagans to cabalistical Christianity.

"There were those in the third century, observes Mosheim, who, when they heard that true Christianity as it was taught by Jesus, (and not as it was afterwards corrupted by his disciples) differed almost in nothing from the Pagan religion properly explained and restored to its primitive purity, determined to remain in the religion of their ancestors and in the worship of their Gods."

MOSHEIM, CENT. 3 Part 1.

Justin Martyr, in his celebrated Apology, supposed to have been written within fifty years of Saint John's Revelation, instead of disclaiming these resemblances, triumphs in them as one of the strongest recommendations of Christianity to the acceptance of the pagan world.

"If then, writes he to the Emperor Adrian, we hold some opinions, near of kin to the poets and philosophers in greatest repute among you, why are we thus unjustly hated? For in saying that all things were made in this beautiful order by God, what do we seem to say more than Plato? When we teach a general conflagration, what do we teach more than the Stoics: by opposing the worship of the works of men's hands, we concur with Menander the comedian: and by declaring the Logos, the first begotten of God, our Master Jesus Christ, to be born of a virgin, without any human mixture, and to be crucified and dead, and to have rose again, and ascended into heaven; we say no more in this, than what you say of those whom you style the sons of Jove."

"For you need not be told, what a parcel of sons the writers most in vogue among you, assign to Jove: there's Mercury, Jove's interpreter in imitation of the Logos, in worship among you. There's Æsculapius the physician smitten by a bolt of thunder; and after that ascending into heaven. There's Bacchus torn to pieces, and Hercules burnt to get rid of his pains. There's Pollux and Castor, the sons of Jove, by Leda; and Perseus, by Danae; not to mention others. I would fain know why you always deify the departed emperors, and have a fellow at hand to make affidavit that he saw Cæsar mount to heaven from the funeral pile.—As to the son of God, called Jesus, should we allow him to be nothing more than man, yet the title of the son of God is very justifiable upon the account of his wisdom, considering you have your Mercury in worship, under the title of the word and messenger of God. As to the objection of our Jesus's being crucified; I say that suffering was common to all the forementioned sons of Jove, but only they suffered another kind of death. As to his curing the lame and the paralytic, and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Æsculapius." See Revee's Apology, vol. 1, chap. 40, p. 76.

Such then was the account given to Pagans of the Christian religion, by its very ablest and very earliest advocates,—such, therefore we ought to presume, was the most faithful and correct account: for surely it is a little too much to assume, that we, after a lapse of many centuries, have a clearer insight into the matter than such men as Justin Martyr, who drew their information immediately from the fountain head, and through whose communications alone, our entire knowledge on the subject is derived.

author. If these writings existed in the second century it devolves upon him to show how they could be received and acknow-

"If, remarks the judicious translator of his Apology,—If the Christian faith lived not to these years in its original purity, it came up and was cut down like a flower, and lived not to see the age of man. If such a religion was so soon corrupted in its very essentials, what must we think of providence, and of that promise which says, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." *Reeves's Introduct.*—And here we ought to observe, that the fathers and the scriptures are not at variance—there is the most perfect harmony between them—both concur in maintaining, that their common Christianity was no new thing. The Athenians are justly censured for their rage after novelty; and their misapprehension, that the apostle brought strange things to their ears, is justly resented and corrected in his celebrated discourse to them on Mars' Hill. Acts 17.—"*Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. For in him we live and move and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said, "for we are also his offspring."* Thus did the great apostle of the gentiles, when publicly called upon to declare what his doctrine was, to an assembly of Pagans, disclaim the pretence of novelty, and confess to them, the entire sameness of the religion he taught with that already established among them; and that it had indeed no other foundations, the evidence of nature and reason, and what "certain of their own poets had said." Such being the merits of the case, we need not wonder that the Athenians found themselves converted to Christianity without the intervention of a miracle.

And though Saint Paul does not hesitate to accuse both Peter and Barnabas of "dissimulation, and not walking according to the truth of the gospel," for their attempts to represent the gospel in such a way as might best recommend it to the taste of the Jews, which was only to be done by maintaining it as nothing more than a particular aspect of their own religion, 3 Galat., yet he himself confesses, that it was his great object, to please all men. To the Jews he became as a Jew that he might win the Jews—to them that were without the law as without the law, though all the while he was not without the law—and especially when he spoke as a minister of Christ, *he spoke as a fool, 2 Corinthians chap. ii. ver. 23.* They are his own words, and surely we have no reason to disbelieve them.

The fathers, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, and Lactantius, concurring herein with Justin and the scriptures themselves, have left us direct and explicit recognitions of the identity of Christianity with the systems of pagan philosophy. And shall we assume that these fathers, whose authority we do not question on other points, did not understand Christianity so well as ourselves?—If so, it would follow, that the Christian system must have originated, not anterior, but many centuries subsequent to the Augustan age.

CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, (who is so called from his having been Bishop of Alexandria, in the second century,) in his book, entitled, "*Stromata*," says:—

"And those who have lived according to reason, are Christians, although they have been called Atheists; such among the Greeks were Socrates and Heraclitus, and those who were like them."

"ORIGEN, who lived in the third century, and who is the first of the fathers who distinctly quotes the New Testament,) in his answer to Celsus, book 6, speaking of the Pagan philosophers, writes: "God manifested also these things (i. e.) the Christian doctrines, to them, as well as whatever

ledged in the second century as the genuine productions of men in the first century—when there was every possible motive to de-

else they have well spoken." LACTANTIUS, who wrote in the same century, and who from the superiority of his latin style, has been called the Christian Cicero, writes thus:—

"At si extitisset aliquis qui veritatem sparsam pers ingulos, per seculasque diffusam, colligeret in unum ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis: sed hoc nemo facere nisi veri peritus, ac sciens potest. Verum autem non nisi ejus scire est, qui sit doctus a Deo." (*i. e.*) "But if there had been any one who could collect into one and reduce into a body that truth which was scattered among particular individuals, and diffused through sects, he truly, would not dissent from us: but this, no one but one skilful and knowing of what was true, could do; for it is for him alone who hath been taught of God, to know what the truth is."—*Lactantius*, book 4.

From these united testimonies of scripture and of the fathers, and the manifest resemblance of the Pagan heroes and fables to the cabalistical Christianity of more modern times it is impossible not to admit the conclusion, that they must have had a common origin, or that the latter, which ever it was, must have been borrowed from the former.

The story of Prometheus, we should observe, was no invention of Æschylus; it had existed in the forms of Pagan religion, before all records of history whatever. Its references take us back to an ideal period, anterior to the creation of the world.

The worship of Prometheus was almost universal, and its general doctrines of—

1. The fall of the angels.
2. Their expulsion from heaven by Prometheus, the word or the wisdom of God.
3. The creation of man, by the same divine personage.
4. The displeasure of the Supreme God, against the whole human race, for a trifling cause.
5. The intercession of the Second Person, with the Supreme, in their behalf.
6. His manifestation in the flesh.
7. His sustaining the wrath of Jupiter on account of the sinfulness of man.
9. His death.
10. His descent into hell.
11. His resurrection, and final ascension to glory—were all of Greek extraction; and we consequently find St. Paul, in preaching the Gospel to the Athenians, entirely omitting all allusion to any thing that might appear coincident with these doctrines in the Christian system, of which, therefore, these doctrines could be no part. And our present Archbishop Magee, in his work on Atonement and sacrifice, (which every body speaks of, and nobody reads, nor indeed would be the wiser for reading,) unable to build up a Christian pedestal for the monster of his cabalism, leads us to the idolatrous altars and mystical sacrifices of the ancient Phœnicians. "It was an established custom among the ancient Phœnicians, on any calamitous or dangerous emergency, for the ruler of the state to offer up in prevention of the general ruin, the most dearly beloved of his children, as a ransom, to avert the divine vengeance.—They who were devoted for this purpose, were offered *mystically*, in consequence of an example which had been set this people, by the God KRONUS, who in a time of distress, offered up his only son to his father *Ouranus*."

tect imposition, if there had been imposition to detect. Though nothing more were advanced, here is positive evidence, and the burden of proof devolves upon him⁶. But you know the circumstances in which I at present write this hasty scrawl, and you will excuse me for concluding at present with expressing my best wishes in your behalf.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

The mystical sacrifice of the Phœnicians had these requisites:—

1st. That a prince was to be the victim.

2d. His only son was to offer it.

3d. He was to make this grand sacrifice, invested with emblems of royalty."—Bryant's Observations on Ancient History, quoted by Magee, in his work on atonement, vol. 1. page 388.

The annexed form of prayer, so different from that which the blessed Jesus taught his disciples, and which is taken from the liturgy of a worshipper of Prometheus, may by its comparison with that divine form, sufficiently mark the wide distinction which may be perceived between man's inventions and God's inspiration. But that every one knows the Lord's Prayer, we would insert it in a parallel column. We wish, however, that our readers may do themselves the justice to observe, what that *all-sufficient* form of sound words does *not* contain, and then weigh the prayer of a Pagan of an age two or three thousand years before the light of revelation shone on a superstitious world.

THE PRAYER.

O Almighty and Eternal Prometheus, who, when thou hadst by thy all-wise counsels, and omnipotent arm driven the rebellious Titans out of heaven; and afterwards having created the race of men on earth, alone of all the heavenly powers, hadst compassion on the works of thy hands; who, for our sake, didst leave the glory which thou hadst with Jupiter, before the world was; and wast crucified also for us, upon Mount Caucasus; there, by thy sufferings propitiating the wrath which we had provoked; and by thy precious blood, redeeming us from everlasting destruction. We give thee praise and honor, and we beseech thee, O Lord God Prometheus, by thine agonies and sufferings, by thy descent into hell, and by thy holy fire which thou didst bring from heaven, to have compassion on our infirmities; touch our hearts with the burning reed of thy heavenly grace, and kindle the light of wisdom, and the fire of virtue in our souls: that awakening from the death of sin, we may walk in the life of thy truth; and imitating thy vast philanthropy, may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom—who livest and reignest among the Gods and Goddesses, God above all—blessed for evermore—Io Prometheus!!!

⁶ Far from it. I admit the existence of those books as early as there is evidence to prove it. If you go farther without evidence; it devolves on you to shew why.

R. C.

DOCTOR TO THE PRIEST.

January 27, 1824.

SIR,

THE observations with which you favoured me the other evening, have been considered with attention. They have, I believe, been dictated by that spirit of candour which you express; although the warmth of them would almost persuade a stranger; that you felt all that enthusiasm, which, you know, should never be the companion of a dispassionate enquirer.

The task that Richard Carlile has imposed upon himself, in proving the non-existence of Jesus, is, I believe, a very arduous one, and though he has brought forward a chain of evidence to me quite conclusive, that Christianity cannot be supported by regular historical documents till the beginning of the second century, yet I have no doubt, that it will be very difficult for him to unsettle the minds of many upon this particular point. He is, however, quite correct in demanding from his opponent, upon this subject, the same chain of proof, which belongs to other historical facts. None ever doubted the existence of Julius Cæsar, and why? Because we find in the history of the Romans, a chain of events recorded by several authors, that are exactly of the same import, conveying to us the actions and manners of a people, free from any supernatural agency, and who in being carried down the stream of time, present to us nothing that requires more than the efforts of human reason to imagine,—on the contrary, the subject which forms the basis of our present correspondence, is involved in the deepest obscurity, whereby the minds of men have become bewildered, and so agitated, as to lead to the most bitter animosities. If the deity had it really in view to reform mankind, by the coming of Jesus, his mission should have been more universally known, and not confined to an insignificant spot, which was said to be favoured beyond all others, the inhabitants of which or their race, continue to this day, notwithstanding the liberal advantages that were bestowed upon them, to reject with scorn his proffered services. To have dealt fairly, all mankind should have had the benefit of this mission. Jesus seems not to have known, that in the extensive regions of the, “then undiscovered globe,” there existed myriads of human beings, who were to perish without the possibility of ever hearing his name. The vast continents of America should have been visited either by him or his disciples. But it is evident that he was totally ignorant of their existence, and abandoned these fair and beautiful provinces, to the preferable task of endeavouring to teach a system, the effects of which he must have known, were to be of no avail upon the stubborn rebellious hearts of his countrymen.

Another circumstance which I may relate is, even granting that Jesus preached and was crucified, his death produced no revolution, that tended to improve the condition of mankind. Sixteen long centuries rolled on, in which Christianity did no good. The followers of it who were invested with power, converted the tenets of their religion into a system of avarice and cruelty; and those horrid massacres, those dreadful tragedies, that are found in the history of the Christian world, continued to deluge Europe with blood, till the dawn of philosophy in some degree banished them from the earth. If Jesus, therefore, acted under the influence of Deity, the Deity must have foreseen what were to be the results of this important mission, which was said to be solely for the amelioration of the human race; yet mankind underwent no great change, the same mass of evil continuing to plunge millions into that deep abyss of misery, at which the heart sickens when we contemplate the history of what is called the dark ages. It is not however upon these views that I rest my authority in rejecting Christianity as a religion of divine influence: overlooking entirely the basis upon which it is founded, with the petty doctrinal points that still, and will always, perplex the various sectarians that belong to it, I am guided in my views by what I see in the vast operations of nature. In the arrangement of the Universe, I behold an order of things grand and beautiful in the extreme; I witness the effects of nature produced by laws, that experience and observation tell me are unchangeable; and when I contemplate those innumerable worlds, rolling in the immensity of space, apparently governed with the same regularity, my mind leads me to adopt opinions regarding the nature of a first cause, in a very different light, from the picture which the writings of the Jews have exhibited, of him, whom they recognise as their Deity. In short, I cannot see in the whole story of the Jews, any thing beyond what other barbarous nations have brought forward to support the credit of their different creeds. With the framers of the Christian religion, the same plans have been resorted to, that characterize theology in general, viz. miracles and prophecies; the first only astonishing the ignorant, and the last involving events in so much ambiguity that nothing certain can be drawn from them. To convince mankind of the divinity of Jehovah, the order of the universe is reversed. The eternal principles of justice are violated, and all that is connected with superstition, held out as the influence by which we are to know, that the God of the Jews was omnipotent—the miracle of the sun standing still in the valley of Jordan—the butcheries committed upon the Canaanites, by the express command of the Lord, the silly and contemptible story of the walls of Jericho, falling by the sound of ram's horns, with innumerable other absurdities, are sufficient to shock any one, who is not carried away from the simple maxims of truth, by the mighty influence, which early education generally produces. The system

which Jesus upholds being intimately allied to these supposed events, carries along with it, in my mind, its own internal evidence, that it cannot be sanctioned by a being, who either possesses power or wisdom. Let the morality of the system even be unquestionable, which is by no means the case, still the history of Jesus is so interwoven with stories of so incredible a nature, that without you surrender your reason, you can never give implicit belief to them. Who can entertain high or dignified ideas of a man, who is constantly resorting to the same means of convincing mankind, that were adopted by Mahomet, and other impostors? What admiration can be excited by a man who is continually talking of devils and evil spirits, and all those imaginary beings, that now only exist in the brains of those who are engulfed in the deepest superstition? Who can listen with any degree of decorum to the story of Jesus being led by Satan to the top of a high mountain, and there shewn all the nations of the world, for the purpose of circumventing him? In truth, such stories are too contemptible to need serious remark. The story about the birth of Jesus, exceeds any thing that is known in heathen mythology. The idea of the Holy Ghost's, shedding his influence over Mary, is so very palpable, that I think nothing however gross, is too much for the minds of those who are disposed to receive without free enquiry, the strange dogmas of theology. The resurrection cannot be supported upon rational grounds. Indeed, except the bare assertion of the Gospels themselves, we have not a jot of collateral evidence to confirm all the strange events, that took place when Jesus left this world. Darkness at noon-day, and dreadful earthquakes, were occurrences which the Roman naturalists and historians, could never pass over in silence. I will not, however, expatiate more upon this subject at present. I have, perhaps, intruded my ideas too freely upon you; but they are given merely with the view of replying to the observations which you offered me, in which I find only round assertion, stalking boldly and confidently forth, in place of sound logic. When you tell me, that you believe in many of the miraculous events, connected with the history of Jesus, and that you do so, in spite of early prejudices, in spite of the contempt of the world, in spite of every sacrifice, not excepting that of life itself, you do no more than the followers of Mahomet, and a multitude of others have done, in situations of a similar nature, to support their own favourite dogmas. Sacrifices of any kind never destroy the real existence of things. Truth is eternally the same; and I believe, that it is more probable, for the whole human race, to fall into error, than that the great operations of the universe can ever undergo in their nature any obvious change. The comparison you have made about Buonaparte, is, I conceive, not in point. Every impartial observer, must consign his name to the grave of eternal infamy. As an eminent murderer, the friends of humanity shudder at the recollection of his deeds; and however keen his

intellect may have been, he can never be allowed to stand as a judge of what constitutes sound morality. For my part, I would prefer the opinion of Richard Carlile, upon such topics, in preference to the combined intelligence of all the bloody warriors that ever existed.

I remain, yours, &c.,

(To be continued.)

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR, Arlington Square, Stockport, August 11, 1824.
I BEG leave to return my sincere and hearty thanks for five pounds, which I received from Mr. Wheeler; and at the same time, through your publication, for different sums from the friends to free discussion of Oldham and its vicinity, as follow:—

	£.	s.	d.
Waterhead Mill and vicinity	1	0	0
Bottom of Greenacres Moor	1	14	4½
Bent, near Oldham	1	10	0
Hollingwood, do.	1	0	0
Shelderslow	0	15	0

And remain, respectfully yours,

JOSEPH SWANN.

Printed and Published by R. CARLILE, 84, Fleet Street.—All Correspondences for "The Republican" to be left at the place of publication.